HE MASTER OF MAN:-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

Victor Stowell, son of the Decmster Chief Judge of the late of Man, is adsome and of fine nature. To save chum, Alick Gell, son of the maker of the Manx Parliament, from Victor takes the blame of seconde, Victor takes the stame of an escapade, Victor takes the stame of a escapade with Bessie Collister, a pretty selling sort of the second season girl, outside second bounds, and season girl, outside season girl, outside season girl, selling and admits is sent home. Gell follows and admits the Hame. The girl is dismissed from her position as maid and shipped home to her hard stepfather, who is a tenant the Breaker. The two boys dawdle have a good time until Victor falls love with beautiful and greatted Fenella Stanley, daughter of ernor. This excites his ambiion and he studies hard for the law, don one Gell. Fencila, after graduat ing from college, where she imbibes attended ideas on the rights of women and the serongs they suffer from men's ises, takes a post for seven years as the ledy warden of a London institutien, as she is not sure of her feeling tenars Victor. Meanwhile, Bessie at-Victor's attention again, just a renella begins to feel that maybe, if she is to have his love, she had better surn to the Isle of Man. Victor and Alick go holidaying to Douglas, a town isle. Bessie meets Victor at a sec. She yets home late and Dan sidromma bars her out. Going back town, she meets Victor, who takes ier to his rooms. In the morning, to to get both himself and Bessie the trouble into which passion lunged them. He decides to plunged them. sarry her, after she has taken some at a sequestered school.

Fenella comes home. AND HERE IT CONTINUES

GOU wouldn't come to see me, so took her outstretched



was talking to Geil. Stowell had time to was the most benu- tremulous: tiful woman in the world! Those dark eyes, beaming with lips like an openspacious forchead

shot with gold -Gell made shift to answer for the sisters he had not seen for months, and then went off.



That's why I've brought this first case to you"

"She hasn't opened her lips yet, but

"That's all for the present."

"No. this is where you live?"
"No. this is my office; I live at other side of the house."

e same position.
"Come in." he cried this voice was

quivering now), and drawing up the Venetian blind he let in a flood of sun-

shine and the soft song of the sea. "What a comfy little room!"

"She did."

you must get her to speak. "I'll try."

"Come this way then."

Really?

"And now to business. You know we've established on the island a branch of the Women's Protection League?" the Won of its objects is to protect

women from the law."
"The law?"
"Yes, sir, the law," said Fenella smiling. "Your law can be very cruel Fenella, rising; and at the next mo-ment she was smiling again, and her eyes were beginning to glow. sometimes—especially to women. But our first case is not one of that kind. It is a case in which the law, if rightly can best do justice by showing mercy.

young wife in Castletown had her nusband. She had already "You would like to see my living rooms?" appeared at the High Bailiff's Court and been committed for trial to the Court of General Gaol Delivery—the see how young bachelors live alone. Mank Court of Assize.

"There seems to be no question of her guilt," said Fenella, "so we can nei-ther expect nor desire that she should escape punishment altogether. The poor thing—she's scarcely more than a girl—will say nothing in self-defense, but when we remember how the soul of a "Indeed I do— woman shrinks from a crime of that and how's Isabella? kind we feel that she must have suffered and Adelaide? — some great injustice, some secret wrong, and Verbena?" which, if it could be brought out in

Fenella.
As she looked around her eyes seemed "I sec." said Stowell. Stowell had time to Fenella paused a moment and then look at her. She said, in a voice that was becoming

to light up everything.

"It's easy to see that you've been racing all over the earth, sir. That Neapolitan girl on the mantelpiece came for this case we need an advocate who loves women as women and can see into from Rome. the heart of a woman when she's down and done, because God has made him so. And that's why---"

"That's why I've brought this first case to you."

Stowell could scarcely speak to answer her. But after a moment he stam-mered that he would do his utmost; and

then Fenella brought out of her handbag some printed papers that were a And then Fenella, taking the chair report of the preliminary inquiry.

"I'll read them tonight," he so puiry.

'Gas fire? So you have a gas fire for the cold, wet nights?"

'Yes, a bachelor has to have—'' ing her voice to a deeper note, said: | putting them into his breast pocket.

Is Man's Law Too Hard for the Woman in the Case? Is Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She Pays the Legal Penalty?

In This Frank and Gripping Story the Man, as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.

But another stabbing memory came, and he could get no further.

"And so this is where you sit alone until all hours of the night—reading,

reading, reading?"

He tried to speak, but could not. She glanced at the bedroom which stood open, and said, with eyes that seemed to laugh:
"Is that your . . . ?"

He nodded, breathing deeply, and trying to turn his eyes away.

'May I perhaps * ?'

'if you would like to.''

"What fun!" She stood in the doorway, looking into the room for a moment, with the sunlight on her bronze-brown hair, and then, turning back to him with the warmer sunshine of her smile, she said: "Well, you young bachelors know how to make yourselves comfortable. I must say. But I seem to scent a woman about this place." He found himself stammering:

There's my housekeeper, Mrs. Quayle. "I'd love to. I've always wanted to

She walked downstairs by his side, and said, as he opened the carriage Stowell had not realized what he was "You'll do your best for that poor doing for himself until he was on the landing, with the key in the lock, and Fenella behind him, but then came a "M: Fenella behind him, but then came a stabbing memory of another woman in

"And, by the way, the Deemster has called: invited the Governor and me to Balla-We go on Monday and stay a

moar. We go on Monday and stay a week. Of course you'll be there?"
"I'm afraid ""
"Oh; but you must."
"I'll "" I'll try."
"Au revoir!"
He stood, after the carriage had gone until it had crossed to the other side until it had crossed to the other successful diate danger. Still, at his age, you of the square, where, from the shade diate danger. Still, at his age, you for the inside (it had been closed in the know. • • ° 'I'll go home tomorrow,' said Stowempty, silent and dend.

"And that lamp from Venice, and that silver bowl from Cairo, and that codar-wood photograph frame from Sorrento?"

"Onite right."

empty, silent and dead.
Oh. God, why had that senseless thing beer allowed to happen? Lord, what a little step in front of him on life's highway a man was permitted to but inside the tall clubs there was the

"Quite right."
"Books! Books! Books! All law Stowell did not return to his office tooks, I see. Not a human thing among them, I'll be bound. And yet they're up, left the keys, went downstairs and shut the door after him, but still he sat in the gathering darkness like a all terribly, fearfully, tragically human, I suppose?"
"That's so." man nursing an incurable wound. He would never forgive himself for allow-

It was only right that he should suffer, their white aprons; Robbie Creer, in his And as for the haunting presence of sleeve waistcoat; young Robbie, strip-Fenella's face in that room, there was ped to the shirt; a large company of

Fenella's face in that room, there was a way to banish that.

So, sitting at his desk, he wrote:

"Dear Bessle—Flease go into Castletown tomorrow and have your photograph taken, and send it on to me immediately."

After that he felt more at ease and sat down before the fire to study his the last sheaf to the ground.

The sheaf to the ground.

The sheaf to the ground.

"I must not go to Ballamoar while she's there. It would be madness,' thought Stowell. escape from the temptation he came to the Parson: To escape from the temptation are made a still deeper plunge into the caldron of work, going to courts all over the island and winning his cases over the island and winning his cases of good Manx ale for his own."

The Parson was the first man the ever threw water in my face. (meaning his baptism), "but there's a jug of good Manx ale for his own."

The rough jest was received with the property of them the Deemster, being

Twice he went to Castle Rushen to see the young wife in her cell. What happened there was made known to the frequenters of the "Manx Arms" by Tommy Vondy, the juliar Vondy, t Tommy Vondy, the jailer. Tommy, who had been conchman at Ballamoar in the "Stranger's" days, and appoints ed to his present post by the Deemster's influence, was accustomed to his present post by the Deemster's liftuence, was accustomed to his present post by the Deemster's liftuence, was accustomed to his present post by the Deemster's liftuence, was accustomed to his present post by the Deemster's liftuence. influence, was accustomed to scenes of loud lamentation. But having listened outside the cell door, and even taken a dear son, when he comes after me, will peep or two through the grill, he was "free to confess" that "the young good in our old traditions."

Master" could not get a word out of Then there was another

As the week of Fenella's visit to Bal- the farm-boys vaulting the stocks and lamour was coming to a close, Stowell's the girls stretching straw ropes to trip nervousness became feverish. One day, as he was walking down the street, a company turned back to the house.

It was Dr. Clucas, a jovial, rubi-cund, full-bearded man of middle age, not liable to alarms.

"I've just been out to Ballamoar to see the Deemster, and I think perhaps you ought to keep in touch with him."
"Is my father " " ?"

'Oh, no, nothing serious, no immediate danger. Still, at his age, you

"Yes, father." "Good!"

sidelong glance:

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neighbor his next tire. This inter-

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On the following afternoon he walked to Ballamoar. It was a bright day in carry September. There was a hot hum

"You fool!" he thought, leaping up at last. "What's done is done, and all you've got to do now is to stand up to it."

Then he lit the gas and taking the report out of his pocket he began to read it. What a shock! As, little by it he thick-set hedge of question and answer, the story of the wretched young wife came out to him, he saw to his horror, that it was the story of gases to his horror, that it was the story of Bessic Collister as he had imagined it might be if he deserted her.

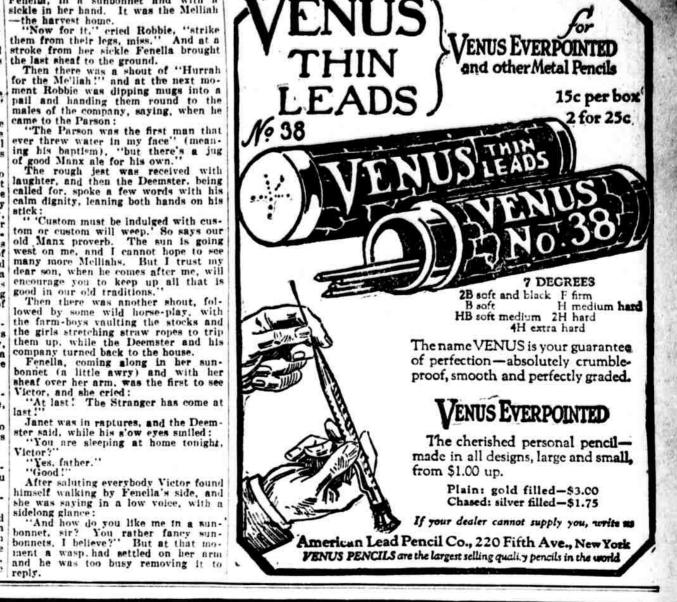
What all the gas and taking the report out of his pocket he began to read it. What a shock! As, little by it had brought he dining-room to the plazza, he saw, to his horror, that it was the story of gases to him as a punishment? By the hand of Fenella, too! No matter! If the unseen powers were concerning the missing perhaps it was only to strengthen him in his resolution—to compel him to go on.

Suffer? Of course he would suffer! It was only right that he should suffer! It was only rig

whispered Janet, and then (with elairvoyance in the heart of a we which enables her to read myste without knowing it). "What a pit

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